

Best loved bard of my teens, I come here late,
white-haired and haunted with ghosts of regret,
but in these hallowed rooms and garden learn
the ancient mariner and his coquette
can thrill to "light-winged dryad," "Grecian Urn;"
the love of poetry's a glorious fate.

-- Walter Snow

Coventry, Connecticut

Thomas Wyatt

It wasn't a bad life,
being friendly with the king
and trips all over Europe

and he couldn't know
how his son would be
cut down by Mary.

Wine and playing around
with complaints of love
and the falseness of women,
strumming pain on his lute
to mistresses who loved it,

until the trouble with
Anne Boleyn got worse.

So he stayed alone more
saying some of the things
he felt in ragged meter,
in which many of those court people
appear quite like animals

Sir Philip Sidney

Always the perfect
gentleman and probably
not bad as a lover,
making quite polite sonnets
and regular love

until he swallowed a
bullet in his thigh,
(having removed his armor
because his friend didn't
have any.)

Then he wrote a poem about
that
and died,
first, they say, giving a gulp
of water to a stranger.

And only 32.

His poems were never
as dramatic

John B.

Trying to shake
T.B., a common
trouble with hatters,
John B. Stetson left
Philadelphia to go to
Central City.
On the way he caught a
rabbit and turned it
into a hat. And tho
people laughed, he wore it
and his lungs got better.
So he made more hats and then
needed a factory, so many
people wanting one
to keep oats in, or grain.
Or for slapping ornery cattle
or beating small grass fires.
Some of the hats lasted
15 years, or 20.
John B. Stetson lasted for 76

Party

First he ate as many
devilled crabs as possible,
trying to remember why
he was there.

Then, he considered
falling thru the buttons
of the slightly
cross-eyed
beautician.
But she only had zippers.

Finally, realizing that if
this wasn't going to be
a total bust
he'd have to try something
different,